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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

OCTOBER 29, 1943

NO. 2

UNION CITY CADETS AGAIN WIN TOP PLACE IN SOUTHEAST EXAMS

Well, here we are still in the midst of that famous season known as Indian Summer, and you folks down in Florida have nothing on us for warm sunny days. The only trouble is that we know it won't last. However, we take it as it comes and enjoy it while it's here.

We're in the usual hustle and bustle of getting 44-C finished with flying and Ground School and listening to the usual comments of the Cadets about wondering what basic will be like.

We received the Army exam results on 44-B the other day and the Ground School Instructors and the Cadets chalked up another bull's eye with top place in the Southeast for the second straight time. If studious looks and hard work mean anything, 44-C will pull down a still higher average for the next one.

Reward

Lt. Jones, our Commandant of Cadets, has brought forth a brilliant idea that is a great incentive for the men to work still harder. The Squadron that finishes each week with the highest score will be rewarded with an extra night of open post for the following week. The points will be based on the following: 1—Ground School grades, 2—Drill, 3—PT, 4—Barracks In-

spection, 5—Formations, 6—Parade, 7—Delinquencies.

We expect still more interest and enthusiasm shown with the advent of this policy, as the responsibility of men with low grades and lack of proper pride in their duties will be thrown right back on the squadrons themselves, and a man can feel awfully small when he aids in letting down an entire group.

We were dashing up the walk yesterday for mess and there was Chef Taylor all smiles. Yep, another swell meal, steaks so juicy and tender they melted in your mouth. Also plenty of gravy for Sam Sparks.

Flight Line Flashes

Attention Johnny Orr: What blonde Dispatcher was seen riding home in a blue convertible the other afternoon? Could it be that a new romance is blooming!

"Something new has been added." All Instructors are now seen sporting a new shoulder insignia. This is worn according to rank; so let's get acquainted with this new insignia. The Instructors wear a single stripe, Assistant Squadron Commanders wear a stripe and one-half, Squadron Commanders wear a double stripe, the two Group Commanders wear two and one-half stripes and Director of Flying and General Manager wears three stripes.

This and other insignia along with newspaper and magazine publicity has focused attention on the Civilian Flying Instructor and has enabled the public to recognize him and to give him well deserved credit for the swell job he is doing in this people's war.

Bachelors

Among the new refreshers we have Paul M. Self who hails from Oxford, Ala.; Thomas H. Conlee of Springfield, Ill.; Gayle R. Sparks of Allendale, Ill.; Thomas A. Hatfield of Niles, Mich.; and Leo L. Michaels of San Francisco, Calif. Yes, girls, they are all single.

We have two new Instructors, Glenn McCulloch, who is from Zion, Ill., and James R. Adams of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Adams is a very good friend of the Boen Brothers.

After being shoved around down here on the Flight Line and being separated from all civilization, we finally have a little "dojigger" (as Grace Dietzel calls it) with which to become acquainted all over again. Yep, you guessed it, we have a brand new intercommunication system. Just flip a switch and we can talk to the North Hangar or South Hangar office, to Central Operations, Airdrome Officer and to Mr. Sullivan's office.

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THEY'RE KEEPING 'EM FLYING AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD IN UNION CITY, TENNESSEE

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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EDITORIAL

There is going to be an important place in the Post-War world of peace for the modern aviation school. Aviation is going ahead when this War is over. The whole world will utilize the airplane to stimulate travel, trade and commerce. It will take hundreds of thousands of trained men and women to operate the great airplanes of the world, not to mention the other hundreds of thousands engaged in the building and operation of planes for commercial, private and military use.

Millions of boys and girls, from the youngsters who construct their own models to those of high school or college age, are eager and anxious to get into the fascinating business of Aviation. These young people will require thorough training since the Industry will demand it, and it is up to the Aeronautical schools to prepare for this important and necessary training.

There will be a great demand for schools that will offer to the youth of tomorrow thorough, practical instruction and training in aeronautical subjects along with cultural subjects—in other words, aeronautical institutes that will give aeronautical engineering degrees and regular college degrees with aeronautical majors.

As for the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, we do not intend to alter the general plan that we had before the War, although we know that the War will have advanced our plans greatly.

Our original goal was to develop a University of the Air and to correlate this University with Flight Training Fields. We had made great progress toward this goal before the War started and we intend to utilize the enormous amount of experience and knowledge gained during the War and pick up our plans where we left off. Our facilities are open to Civilians right now, and we have many civilians enrolled in our various courses at the Technical School.

The Embry-Riddle organization is the largest of its kind in the world today. It consists of the Technical School which is

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If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

Address _____

Letters to the Editor

To the Techites:

I want to express heartfelt thanks to all of you who helped during my recent trouble. Your assistance was deeply appreciated, and I only wish I could thank you individually.

Very sincerely,
Lucille Nelson

Editor's Note: Lucille requested that the above note be published in the Fly Paper this week. We can assure her that everyone was only too glad to lend a hand.

University of Florida
P. O. Box 2433
Gainesville, Florida

Dear Editor:

Receive my best regards! Still you remember me, the one who used to send you brief articles from Clewiston?

I have to tell you that instead of going to Pratt and Whitney in Hartford, Conn., I was awarded a Scholarship to take a Radio course in this University, and I am very glad indeed of this event.

I hope you will send the Fly Paper to me as soon as possible, to know about the news of Embry-Riddle, my first home in the U.S.A.

Please send my greetings to all the boys at Riddle Field in Clewiston and you please receive my regards.

Federico Zerres
Former Venezuelan Cadet

Editor's Note: Of course we remember you, Federico, and we are delighted to hear of your scholarship. Please write us again and tell us of your progress. The Fly Paper will be sent to you and we know that you, as a former Inter-American cadet, will be interested to learn of our new school in Brazil.

P/O Arthur L. Prandle
Oriol House, Russell Road
Rhyl, North Wales
September 29, 1943

Dear Wain:

Whilst I had not the pleasure of making your acquaintance during my stay under the Riddle banner I feel from my perusal of so many copies of the Fly Paper that we are, in fact, old friends—at any rate we share the same enthusiasm for and a loyalty to the House of Riddle which gives us a common ground for discussion—and so I do not hesitate to address you so familiarly.

I have just come home on leave after another long spell of instructional duty and I found waiting for me a big batch of your very strong link between Florida and all parts of the world where Riddle-ites are now serving. Tackling them, plus a similar batch of my hometown paper, the Arcadian, gave me a good day's work, but I know

you will believe me when I say that it was most pleasurable work.

Having said so much I know you will now forgive me if I make so bold as to point out an error which crept into one of your editions—that in which you referred to the formation of a local chapter of the Caterpillar Club at Carlstrom. On behalf of an old classmate of mine in Class 42-A (UK), the very first detachment of British boys to be trained at Carlstrom, I must challenge your statement that the first Cadet to qualify for membership of this most exclusive club was a member of 43-B.

You probably will not remember, but any of the people who were at Carlstrom in 1941 will tell you that Herbert (Bunny) Bunyar—since commissioned in the RAF—saved his life by baling out south of the Field during July of that year when a control cable snapped during some aerobatics and he was forced to hit the silk.

I will remember Johnny Gradet's pleasure when he found that at least one of his brollies worked! Charlie Ebbets took a grand picture of Bunny with his 'chute—which appeared in the Miami Daily News in a series entitled "A Day in the Life of an RAF Cadet."

I gain a tremendous amount of pleasure from reading Fly Papers and following up the activities of old friends. How they all got on in the world. Such familiar names as G. Willis Tyson, Fred Hunziker (to

FREDERIC G. COBURN

Frederic G. Coburn, the Industrial Engineer who has prepared two reports on all the operations of Embry-Riddle, recently was elected president of the Brown Company, Berlin, N. H. May we congratulate you, Mr. Coburn, on behalf of Mr. Riddle and the entire organization.

whom I once gave a terrible ride), Jack Hunt (how's his little dotter getting on?), Lt. Col. Freeman (gee, I knew the guy when he was a first looie), Major Breeding (also more familiar in a less exalted role), Kay Bramlitt (just a freckled face kid to me) and dear ole George Dudley keeps flitting across your pages; and do they bring memories, or do they?

You know George is something of a mystery man to me—he seems to be slowly but surely improving his position Chez Riddle, but he keeps very quiet about it—I often wish he had been so quiet when his broad shoulders filled my horizon.

I've had numerous Instructors since George, with a noticeable sigh of relief, washed his hands of me. They all contributed something to my present knowledge of this flying business—but not one of them can fill the place occupied by G.K.D. He taught me to fly, the others merely polished up the result. Now I am pleased to tell you that I have just completed my first thousand hours—and am looking forward to many more.

Well enough of this chatter—cheerio and best wishes to the Riddle-ites everywhere.

Arthur

Editor's Note: The above letter is from Arthur Prandle, a member of the first class of British cadets at Carlstrom Field. During his training Arthur edited the mimeographed booklet entitled Carlstrom Cadet.

October 23, 1943
Marianna, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I want you to know how much I appreciate receiving the Fly Paper each week. As a Tactical Officer in the Cadet Detachment I constantly come in contact with Cadets who have come from Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, and the Fly Paper and my association with the Company immediately gives us something in common and tends to bring us closer together.

Sincerely,
Jackson G. Flowers,
2nd Lt., Air Corps,
Tactical Officer.

Editor's Note: We're very glad to hear that the Fly Paper is of service to you, Lt. Flowers. Be sure to tell all those Embry-Riddle cadets hello for us. If any of them would like weekly copies of the paper, just send us their names and addresses and we'll place them on our mailing list.



FORMER CLASSMATES AT CARLSTROM



John Paul Riddle, left, and Col. Arnold H. Rich, who replaces James E. Blakeley as Director and General Manager of the Technical Division, discuss Colonel Rich's new duties. Mr. Blakeley is now Director and General Manager of the Brazilian Division.

New Tech School Director Is Veteran of World War I

Col. Arnold H. Rich, U.S.A. Retired, brings to Embry-Riddle a wealth of experience in aviation, which all began back in 1921 when he was a classmate of John Paul Riddle at the old Carlstrom Field.

Col. Rich replaces James E. Blakeley as Director and General Manager of the Technical Division of Embry-Riddle. Mr. Blakeley is now Director and General Manager of the Brazilian Division and will be head of the Technical School to be opened in São Paulo.

The Colonel served with the 313th Machine Gun Battalion, 89th Division, in World War I, participating in the battles of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne.

After the War he was detailed to the Air Service and went to Carlstrom Field for primary flight training. He served seven years with the Air Corps Technical Schools, seven with the Air Corps Tactical

School and three with the Air Corps Flying Schools.

Col. Rich is rated as a command pilot, combat and technical observer, and he has logged about 3,000 flight hours. He retired from the Army in November of last year because of a physical disability incident to the Service.

Chicago Born

Born in Chicago, the Colonel was reared and educated in Virginia, where he attended Randolph-Macon Academy and Virginia Military Institute.

1st Lt. Murray M. Rich, AAF, 23, follows closely in his father's footsteps, having received his primary training at the new Carlstrom Field. Three other children, Francis Ann, 18, Ruth Hoyer, 17, and Arnold, Jr., 4, will come to Miami with Mrs. Rich in December to make their home.

We are happy in the thought that we will have a part in equipping our youth to develop air transportation and other phases of aviation in order that a better understanding of and closer relationship with all the peoples of the world will be brought about.

Editor's Note: The above are excerpts from a radio broadcast over Station WQAM of Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President of Embry-Riddle.

Saludos Amigos

Continued from last week's Spanish article by Eric Sundstrom

Despues que se graduaron los mecanicos de servicio quedaron 23 estudiantes que tenian becas de 20 meses y que se graduarian como mecanicos instructores.

En Mayo de 1943 se efectuó la graduación de estos jovenes que ahora son instructores en la mecanica de aviación. Varios de ellos se han quedado aqui para recibir entrenamiento practico en los campos de la escuela Embry-Riddle y otros han seguido para otras escuelas donde se estan especializando en instrumentos de aviación, plantas motrices, etc.

Durante su estadia aqui estos jovenes fueron obsequiados con bailes y fiestas dados por "La Liga Pan Americana" y por familias de Miami que se interesaron por ellos. Indudablemente estos Buenos Vecinos del Sur aprendieron mucho en los Estados Unidos de America pero tambien le enseñaron mucho a los ciudadanos de este pais sobre lo que es la America Central y la America del Sur.

Han dejado muchos gratos recuerdos en nuestras vidas y esperamos sinceramente que vuelvan pronto a visitarnos.

"BOSS" RIDDLE'S SECRETARY



Southpaw Helen Hanes Burkart, secretary to John Paul Riddle, joined the Riddle "family" from the offices of United States Senator Guy M. Gillette (Iowa) when Elaine (Dev) Devery took it into her head to marry Lt. George Hamilton. Helen deserted the nation's capital when her husband, Robert H. Burkart, was transferred to the Miami office of the F.B.I. Their three-year-old son, Joseph A. Burkart, 2nd, hasn't decided whether he will be a flyer or a G-Man.

EDITORIAL

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operated in the eight story building at 27th Avenue and 32nd Street, Miami, and the Coliseum and the Colonnade in Coral Gables; the Seaplane Base on the MacArthur Causeway where civilian pilots are being trained; the Landplane Base at Chapman Field where at the present time a Navy Flight Training Program is in progress and where restricted civilian flight training is also being carried on; the two Riddle Aeronautical Institutes located at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields in Arcadia, Fla., which are engaged in Army Training Programs and from which thousands of pilots have been graduated; the Riddle-McKay Aero College located at Riddle Field, Clewiston, Fla., which is now training Royal Air Force and U. S. Army Air Forces Cadets in Primary and Advanced

Flight; and the Riddle-McKay Aero Institute at Union City, Tenn., which is operating under contract for the Primary Flight Training of U. S. Army Air Forces Cadets.

Our Company is now installing a Technical School of Aviation in Brazil, similar to the school here in Miami. This school, which will be in operation this year, will start with 500 students to be trained for the Brazilian Air Forces. This will be a permanent institution and will continue during peace time.

During the War all of our facilities and our 3,300 employees are devoted to the War effort. When Peace comes we intend to continue the operation of all of our schools and flying fields for the purpose for which they were originally intended; namely to train and prepare our students to take their particular rolls in the great Air Age that is at our threshold.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

The latest addition to Dorr Field's rolling equipment is a jeep (are you listening Carlstrom Field?). There is to be



Jack

a carnival in town this coming week, and we understand that they are going to keep the jeep under lock and key until it's all over, the reason being that a certain one of the Army Personnel has been figuring just how much the take would amount to at 10c a ride. Huh, we had that figured out quite some time ago.

A considerable amount of interest out on the Flight Line by the ditching machine, a piece of machinery that can dig a trench faster than anything you ever saw. The new motor shed with a coat of paint in keeping with the rest of the building area. Workmen are laying the concrete floor this week and it should be in use the following week.

Machinery still coming in for the water treatment plant. It too should be in operation before long; some people are wondering what the water will taste like without the sulphur.

Some Dough

In the Mess Hall the addition of a larger and faster dough mixer. We were watching the baker turn out pie crusts the other day, watering at the mouth hoping that he would say come back in half an hour and try a sample. Anyway, we're still hopeful.

"Boss" Riddle on one of his flying visits to Dorr the other day. Just caught a glimpse of him. Someone remarked, "How that man does get around." The Fly Paper gals get around too—we saw them headed for the Flight Line with "Joe" Horton and Capt. Burr.

The instructor's face must have been red when he sent his cadet into the Operations Tower, said cadet coming back with a hang-dog look on his face to report to his instructor that this wasn't Carlstrom Field

but Dorr and that they had landed at the wrong Field. Never mind, fellows, we're always glad to show you the way home.

The Army Side

Two G.I. carrier pigeons have taken up with us this past week right over the Army operations office. (Sorry Sergeant, it's agin the law to shoot carrier pigeons. We saw you licking your lips.)

We understand that Lt. Austin has a deep bass voice and very melodious too. Wonder if we couldn't get him to render "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" for us next Saturday night. Just what is it that has so much interest for Lt. Rubertus down Miami way?

Lt. Pinion collecting calves by the dozen. That great and honorable man, that so and so, Sgt. Martin of Link fame, who said surely *he* would give us some news for the paper this week. Has he done it? No, a thousand times no. O.K., Martin, we're off you for life (as if he cared).

Attention Peoples

Tomorrow, Saturday, October the 30th, at 8:00 p.m. in the Mess Hall until the wee sma' hours, there will be a buffet supper dance—masquerade or mask—either one. Price of admission 75c per each. Get your tickets at the front gate at Dorr Field or from Kay Bramlitt at Carlstrom Field. Plenty of entertainment and lots of fun. Plenty of transportation to and from the Field.

Tol'ably ypirs,
Jack (Wolfman)

P.S.—Huh, another sorry typewriter. There just ain't a good typewriter in the whole place.

Former Engineer Is Now Instructor

Aviation was once a hobby of Donald Herrera, Assistant Squadron Commander at Dorr Field, but War time needs prompted him to take a refresher course and use his experience to turn out pilots for the Army Air Forces.

Herrera, born in Baltimore, Md., was graduated from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, in 1933, just when the country was in the throes of the depression.

It was tough to find any kind of a job. It was tougher to find one in chemical engineering. Regretfully, Herrera put aside his store of hard earned knowledge and took a job as commercial photographer. But something more akin to his chosen field came along the next year when he was employed by the Standard Oil Company as Assistant Safety Engineer.

Later Herrera began flying at Logan Field, Baltimore, never guessing that once more he was to veer sharply from engineer-

DON HERRERA



Squadron Commander at Dorr Field

ing—this time not for reasons of self-preservation, but for the preservation of all civilization.

HITCH - HIKERS

Last Friday the Fly Paper office lost no time deserting Driver Thornton and the Inter-Field Bus. While lunching at Carlstrom, we happened to peek into the Officer's Mess and there spied Joseph R. Horton, Vice-President in charge of Aircraft and Engine Overhaul, who was taking Capt. "Jack" Burr on a flying tour of the Fields.

Aha, thought we, and raised our respective thumbs in hitch-hiker fashion, attempting at the same time to flap our arms in simulation of flight. It worked. We were to meet "Joe" and "Jack" on the Flight Line at three.

All of which afforded us much more time at Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields. It seems like a mere grasshopper jump from one oval to the next when made in the Fairchild with Joe at the stick.

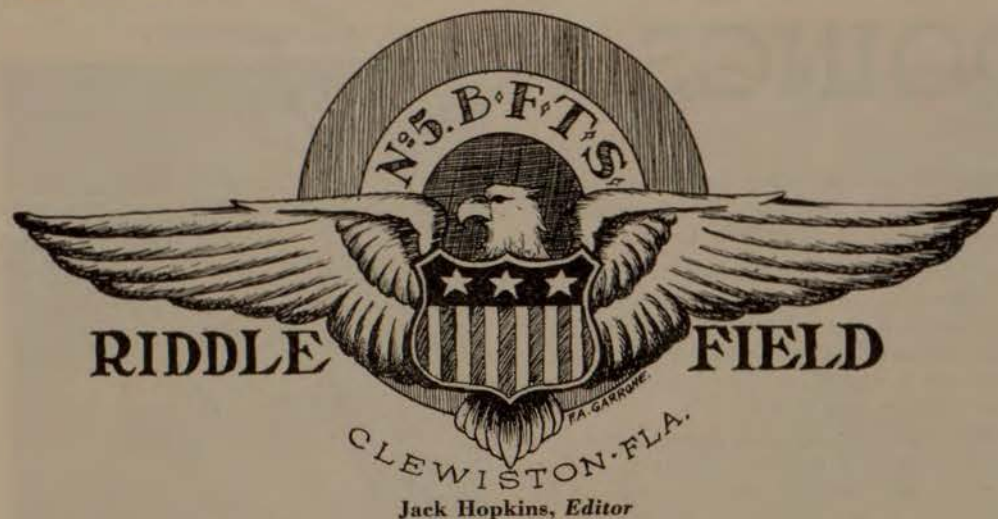
At Carlstrom we had nice visits with Lt. Marks, Public Relations Officer, and correspondents Kay Bramlitt and Bleeka Kistler. The Lieutenant promises several interesting bits for Fly Paper fans, and Bleeka alibies her disappearance from the columnistic ranks with a tale of holy matrimony and a trip to Carolina. It's a little Abnerish—confusing but amusing. But get her to tell you about it.

Jack Whitnall couldn't seem to find a spreading Chestnut tree at Dorr Field, but he hailed us from the next best thing as we came off the Flight Line. Wonder where he got that big, sunburned beach umbrella

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PILOTS SPITFIRE

Tom E. Gates, former General Manager of Dorr Field, is now in England piloting a Spitfire. He has named his plane "Angel Puss II" for his small daughter, Jean. Tom is quartered in an old castle and has plenty of everything he needs except "snake-bite medicine." Many Dorr-ites will remember Tom's horror of rattlers. Old friends can write to Tom as follows: Capt. T. E. Gates, 67th Fighter Wing, APO No. 637, New York, N. Y.



Once again we wish to thank Cadets Ken Fisher of Course 15 and John Manners of Course 16 for their work as Guest Editors last week. Those

guys are really on the ball when a "feller needs a friend."

Correct answers to our Whosit Contest of last week are (1) Mrs. Mary Leonard, Head of the Payroll department; (2) As-



Hoppy

sistant Flight Commander J. D. Leftwich; (3) Link Instructor Bill Read; (4) Canteen Manager Helen Welsh.

The winners of the contest will be announced in a future edition, as our mail got rather involved among Clewiston, Miami Beach and Coral Gables this last week.

Course 15

With the exception of those who were flying at the time, we turned out in force to see "Ellory Queen" on Wednesday night. It has since been suggested that mattresses and not chairs be taken along to the mess hall on Wednesday evenings to make full use of the comfortable facilities in our new Cinema.

The swimming pool has been put into operation again and has been very busy over the week-end. In its new coat of paint it is very attractive and is much appreciated by all users.

The final exams are coming closer at a now rather alarming rate, so more and more members of the Course are discovering the beauties and comforts of the I.R.

Hither, Thither and Yon

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Crow who announce the birth of a 7½-lb. son, John Michael, on Wednesday, October 20, at the Clewiston Hospital. John is the Link Maintenance Chief while his wife, June, is the former Chief PBX operator here.

We are also happy to extend congratulations to Warrant Officer Jimmy Woodward, Signals Instructor, who was recently promoted to that rank.

The cokes were on Shorty Radford of Maintenance Sunday, as it was then that he made his first solo at the Clewiston Airport.

Flight Instructor Harold Curtis has given Shorty his instruction.

We do not feel like mentioning any names, but his initials are Sid Bronson of Radio Maintenance. We hear there is a little sparking going on other than radio sets. We haven't checked the frequency yet, but it is believed to be quite high.

Visitors

Group Captain H. A. V. Hogan of the RAF Delegation in Washington was a visitor at this Field last week, as were John Paul Riddle and the Fly Paper Editors.

Lola Askeff of Timekeeping and Margaret Fort of the Canteen have been off several days because of illness. We wish both these ladies a speedy recovery.

It's "welcome home" to Sqd. Comdr. Harry Lehman who returned this week after several weeks off because of illness. It's good to see you back, Harry.

You will notice that Arthur Rushworth and Bill Hayman of Course 17 have been added to our Associate Editor list, and they got off to a flying start this issue. Welcome to the staff, boys, and we hope we'll hear from you each week.

Results

Here's a belated report from the Ground School on the Course 14 Wings results. Our school finished second, just a point or two behind the top school. In the overall averages for all Wings Examinations, our school still rates tops.

F/Lt. John Crossley had the unique experience of soloing his brother, Peter, member of Course 17, last week.

Led by Cadet Brooks, Course 15 prac-

tically have completed the copy for their Listening Out edition, which will appear the latter part of November.

Bruce Coleman of the Maintenance department has returned to work after a vacation trip to his home in Pennsylvania.

Newest promotions on the Flight Line find Messrs. O'Neill, Howe, Langdon and Sylvia advanced to the Primary Flight Line from the Refresher School. Promoted from Primary to Advanced are Instructors Fair, Raynor, Glasgow, Altman, Blume and Brittain.

And speaking of promotions, congratulations are in order for Capt. Murray M. Cash, Medical Aviation Examiner on the Field, and Capt. Robert A. Dobbins, C/O of the Air Depot Detachment here, who were recently promoted to those ranks.



Three "Hot" Pilots from Course 15. Cadets Buckle, Charlesworth and Rigby

Haskell Upshaw, Adjutant of the AAF, has been promoted to 1st Lt.

Clyde Miller of Miami is a new cook at the Mess Hall, where he will assist Head Chef Harley Hook and Head Steward Nico-demus.

"Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and Hedy Lemarr, is the picture to be shown in the Patio this coming Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30 p.m. The admission is only 15 cents and all civilian personnel as well as Cadets are invited to attend.

Sqd/Ldr. Hill and F/Lt. Trewin of the RAF staff are enjoying a week's leave.

Cadet Egley, formerly of Course 14, has now recovered completely and has joined Course 15.

Mrs. G. W. Tyson, Jr., will leave next week for California where she will make her home.

The Mail Bag

Several letters were received this past week, so we will pass some of the information along to you. Sgt/Pilot Johnny Potter of Course 11 wrote that he is instructing Primary and already has started with his



Lt. Haskell O. Upshaw, Adjutant, 75th AAFSTD

first pupils. Johnny sends the following information about others of his Course.

Mike Carroll, George Thatcher, Les Edwards, Frank Hobson, Alan Bruce, Fennick Charlesworth and John Curtis-Hayward are on Bombers; Lockwood, Borrett and Deverson are on Fighters; Bernard Dyson is to pilot a flying boat; Jeffries, Dave Crook, P. G. Burgess and Ronnie Gaskell are also Primary Instructors, while Jeff Davis is a twin-engined advanced instructor. Johnny also sends his best wishes to "all the Link and Ground School fellas and to Bill Fisher, Frank O'Hara, Hank Middleton, Fritz Sebek, Julia, Louise and Leola."

From Nassau

Our second letter was from Sgt. G. Elwell, who was formerly with the RAF staff here and is now stationed at Nassau in the Bahamas. The Sergeant thanks us for the Fly Paper and sends his regards to all his former friends here.

Our first news of the recently graduated Course 14 came from P/O Kenneth Bourne, former Associate Editor of this column, who wrote from Ottawa, Canada. The commissioned officers of that Course are taking a special course in law and administration at Ottawa.

We also received a very complimentary note from J. S. Trembath of Monmouthshire, England, who is the father of Cadet Trembath of Course 16. We quote in part: "The Fly Paper is grand. I am delighted with it and haven't missed a word of it. That paper shows how important the training is, and it most certainly tells everyone who reads it that you have a first class school." Thanks very much for your remarks, Mr. Trembath.

Margaret Fort of the Canteen received a letter from Nelson Morris, former bus driver, who is now somewhere in the Pacific. He sends regards to all of his Clewiston and Moore Haven friends and also requests the Fly Paper sent to him. In the event that anyone would like his address, it is: Nelson A. Morris, F1½ U.S.N.R., 57 Const. Batt. A-5, care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. The Fly Paper will of course be sent to him at once.

Vital Statistics

The Love Bug has been doing a big business at Riddle Field lately. Engagements of two of the pioneers of Riddle-McKay Aero College have recently been announced, that of Jerry Greenberger of Maintenance de-



Capt. W. B. Wilkins, extreme right, Medical Officer at Riddle Field, and his party with their catch after a Palm Beach fishing excursion.

partment to Dahlie Royals, also of Maintenance, on October 16, and that of Melvin Carlton, Chief Parachute Rigger, to Christine Reddish of Clewiston. Wedding dates for the two couples have not as yet been announced.

Rozina Parker, 8-lb. girl born October 18 to Mr. and Mrs. "Two John" Parker of the Radio department.

John Michael Crow, 7¼-lb. boy born October 20 to Mr. and Mrs. John Crow of the Link department.

Course 17

As previously reported the Course has arrived and has become firmly established under the guidance of Under-Officer MacIntyre, whose friendly remarks are much appreciated. Although at the outset some of us were "naughty" boys, we have now learned to "Do in Rome as the Romans do" and are rapidly settling down to our togas.

Our Flight Leaders, Cadets Taylor, Snowdon, Cypher and Chadwick, have thus become accustomed to the sight of knees and no longer remain on theirs. Having overcome their initial shyness, they are now using parade ground voices which surprise even themselves.

We are learning to do our navigation by the "Zip Zip Zowie" method, under Mr. Tut Tut Confuser.

Soloing is now in progress, but occasionally we prefer to walk home, thus avoiding ground loops. Cadet Lees, having performed a landing all by himself, was so excited that he rushed back to tell us all about it and forgot to collect his Instructor, who, after a long walk home, did not appreciate being mistaken for a flag.

Flying Instructor D. E. Mueller, after a three-weeks' battle (five) impossible odds, has been granted a week's recovery leave. Congratulations to Johnny Page, now a seasoned flier, the first 12-hour man to solo.

The cordial reception afforded us by our

new companions from USAAF has impressed us tremendously, together with their unrationed friendliness. From the first day they have kept us in the highest spirits.

Operations in the West Palm theater have been carried out with the full support of the USN and thanks to Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith we now appreciate that Spars are not always parts of ships.

We are aware that the graduating standards of No. 5 BFTS are sky-high, but Course 17 intends to blow the top off the record of any preceding course.

Course 16

*The C.O. tells us why,
We are good enough to die;
And this policy is easily defensible:
Let him pray and let him rave,
We are gay and we are brave,
We are mighty, we are grim; we are
expensible.*

Glad to have you back with us, Hoppy, after your short stay in a Miami hospital. Didn't someone warn you last time about those beautiful nurses?

Well, we've finally made it to ATs with only a very slight depletion of our ranks, due mainly to medical reasons. We've set ("our Course spirit") a high standard for the new Course to beat.

Form one errors seemed to be our weak point and, sad to say, for the first few days of ATs we beat all previous records.

After strenuous hours of learning cockpit checks, UMPFs and TMPFFS, we discovered the AT wasn't so invincible as first appeared to us all; and our first solo was last week.

W/C Simmons gave a very interesting talk on Japan's participation in the present world conflict and mentioned the high possibility of at least some of our midst being engaged in combat in this area.



Left to right: Cadets Reid, Amin, Mullins and Wynne of Course 16.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

Don't forget, everybody, that tomorrow night's the night of the Big Dance at Dorr. So put on a costume and come on out for an evening of fun and frolicking. Buffet supper will be served, and a good time is in store for all.



Kay

Tomorrow is also the night that L. D. Hudson takes that most important step. The wedding will take place in St. Petersburg, and Mr. Hudson will bring his bride to Arcadia when he returns to begin instructing Class 44-E. Best of luck to you both.

Shoes

Peggy Brown and Margaret Reeve trekked over to Tampa last Saturday on a shopping spree. And Peggy really looked the worse for wear Monday morning. After walking all over town she finally bought a pair of shoes—but they don't fit!

Eva Mae Lee week-ended in Ft. Myers and reports a marvelous time. Probably some of the excitement was over the fact that Marshall Anderson took her for a ride in a Cub. By the way, have you-all noticed her new hair-do—Miami specialty!

Jackie Livingston spent last Sunday at the Boca Grande Beach. Better watch that sun, Jackie! You know what happened the last time you went to the beach.

Rumor has it that Wilda Smithson has turned traitor. She attended a Dorr Field party last week-end! Can't seem to find out what or who was the attraction, though.

Doomed

Vera Durrance of the Parachute department recently received a beautiful ring to be worn on the finger from one of Carlstrom's former cadets. The "doomed man" is now in training in Mississippi, and when he receives his wings and commission the wedding will take place.

Marjorie Combs, formerly of the Overhaul department office, is now employed at Dorr Field in a Civil Service capacity.

Welcome visitors on the Field last week included John Paul Riddle, Joseph R. Horton, Capt. "Jack" Burr, Wain R. Fletcher and Vadah Walker.

Another former Carlstrom-ite who paid us a short visit recently was Capt. Alva Klopfenstein, formerly Commandant of Cadets.

Flight Instructor George Neall was married the early part of this month. Can't figure out how he kept it secret for so long.

Phil McCracken is now instructing in the

Refresher School—and at his own request.

Mrs. Allie Wright has been added to the list of new Dispatchers. Welcome!

Clem Whittenbeck, Flight Coordinator, made a trip to Tampa last Saturday to get a new car—cream-colored Plymouth convertible. Don't forget, Clem, that we're all looking forward to a ride!

Ike McCracken and Jack Drescher were also seen in Tampa last week-end. Looks like it must have been Arcadia Day in Tampa last Sunday!

Releases on Flight Instructors George Eckart, Herb Woolf and Charlie Close were approved recently. These three gentlemen have gone to work for Pan American Grace Airlines. Best of luck, boys, and let us hear how you're getting along once in while.

William H. McMillan is now a full-fledged Flight Instructor.

New Refreshers: Douglas P. Govoni, Beverly, Mass.; Andrew S. Radwick, Moughtuck, Conn.; Charles E. Woolford, Drexel Hill, Pa., whose hobby is model railroad-ing; Arthur A. Viens, Burlington, Vt., who is a golf enthusiast; Bob Bullock please note: Richard E. Wells, Springfield, Vt., who builds model airplanes as does Refresher Carroll Philbrick; Floyd O. Symonds, Detroit, Mich.; and Bernard W. Pearce, New York City, who is a professional dancer and formerly was dancing director for MGM, RKO, and Paramount in Hollywood, Calif., and is a personal friend of Fred Astaire. Say, Mr. Pearce,

Continued on Page 13

FLYING INSTRUCTORS OF SQUADRONS 4, 5 AND 6 AT CARLSTROM FIELD



George Dudley, Robert Rich, Willis Bishop, Martin Gould, Paul Peek, William McDonald, Charles McCoy, Joe Wofford, Henry Birdsong, Myron Shouppe, Edward Gardyan, Saxon Rowe, Rowland Roelofs, Howard Shelton, LaRue Sellers, Alfred Odena, Royce Culpepper, Robert Meeks, Julian Stanley, Edgar Todd, Nelson Otto, Eli Hahn, Charles Roberts, George Johnston and Walter Tyler.



AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION



*Arma virumque cano; Roi est mont
vive le roi; In hoc signo vinces; E pluribus
unum; requiescat in pacem; Excelsion.*

Know all ye men by these presents, greetings, this being the last will and testament of ye associate editor of ye Flye Paper, to whitt a certaine columnne yclept Wynges Flutter!

We do give and bequeath, in fee simple, to William De Shazo encouragement and patience to handle a big job at which he has been so successful for the past months, also a word of sorrow on leaving Aircraft Overhaul and our appreciation of the pleasant association we have had with him.

Jokes

To Karen Linford, Medora Barling and Margie Stinson our jokes and stores and especially the needle with which we have prodded them so much in the past. To Don Martin a hope that his job sheets will always be in on time.

To Pitts Ingram and his crew of Frank Barba, Jorge Robertson, James Head, Fred Kerr and Belfor Araya, a hope that every N-3-N comes in with full gas tanks.

To Leo Courson and his children, L. Wells, W. Getzman, M. Wade, L. Coyle, T. Garrett, E. Mills, K. Brown, H. Hunter and B. King, we do give and bequeath 20 PT-17 aileron a day. To Asa Thomas and Dave Ulrich a sheet expander to enable them to fill all holes with a 12"x12" sheet of aluminum without welding.

To Charles Burnett and D. Haag, we give the hope that the welding torch couplings will arrive soon.

Self-Stitching

To Mrs. Daniels and her family of "Johnnie" Johnson, E. Abbott, V. Wainwright, A. Hancox, M. Betancourt, I. Wyly, C. Harrison, J. Schwarzhoff, J. Willis, G. Jackson, E. Robinson, G. Moseley, L. Johnson, E. Taylor, M. Shaub, A. Allman, V. Holland, P. Griffin, I. Cosgrove, E. Sammons and D. Shaw, we give self stitching wings.

Incidentally, we express our oft voiced hope that Aylene Arnette never loses her smile. As a reward we bequeath her a fur lined thimble.

To Bessie Carter and her crew we do give and bequeath dope that doesn't stick on the hands and tape that lays down without rubbing. To Inez Fegan a fuselage a day for her to crawl into and for Ruth Powell to put the tape and patches on the outside.

To share in the benefits of the new dope will be J. McCarty, L. Hulme, M. Hose, P. Kelly, F. Feldman, E. Killingsworth, E. Wynn, E. Figuet, R. Campbell, M. Carter, A. Bernstein, Wm. M. Blalock, C. Carantina, G. Dann, H. Barkett and J. Litten. To Ethel Stivers and Jewel O'Neal black bananas.

To Ralph Sourwine and his crew of Pyke, Adams, Vernon and Gaines we give non blushing and self sanding dope. To E. Fegan we give the idea of making all NC numbers the same so he won't have to worry about what they are going to be. To Etta Blitch we give self applying scotch tape that lays out numbers and stencils by itself.

Credit

To "Angel" Trout our thanks for Fly Paper material in the past and a hope that she will keep up the good work in the future. To Natalie Pryharski we present her name in print and a credit for her news contributions.

To Bill McCaleb we give the rudder fish for him to blow up to any size so he can tell his stories without treading into the realm of falsehood. To his crew of B. Roarke, B. Kershaw and C. Greenwald, self uncovering wings. To R. Cochran a box of gold stars so that she can give herself one each day.

To Horace Gwynn and the wood wing shop we give work orders that will always show all the broken spars in the wings and horses that are always level. To share in these blessings will be W. Osborne, Nellie

Knowles, W. Greer, G. Knowles, J. Mulvey, Sarah Greer, C. Sharrer, M. Moskowitz, R. Kreiger, A. Jennings, J. Bergren, H. Morgan, C. Swestyn, H. Morrison, G. Skinner, C. Furr, P. Cook, F. Ors, William Rodgers and E. Rodgers.

A special bequest to Jack Carp that he always has someone to listen to him after we are gone. To Robert Campbell and his crew of I. Bachelor, J. Blalock, H. Bowers, J. Youmans, R. Newberry, P. Schmidt and T. Pierson, machine blades that never get dull and nicked and saws that never need setting.

Bowling Average

To Al Benson our bowling average to use in figuring the handicap and double the average to use in scoring. To G. Felts, C. Mason, J. Smith, J. Collier, M. Abrams, G. Clarke, B. MacCarthy, F. McKinley and R. Zeman, we give self setting rivets and repaired work that is always in line.

To Bill Cook and the Inspection department, Yetts, Alsdorf and Ballough, we give the assurance that they will never find anything wrong with work repaired here.

To Maxine Stevens our appreciation of her morning smile. To Mr. Savage, Elissa Lonnquist, Mertis McCook and Bernice Lynd in the Stockroom, we give all those things that they didn't have when I asked for them. To Mr. Savage a special bequest of a quart can no one will take.

Robot Maid

To Pat Robinson part tags that mask and apply themselves and what she would appreciate most, a robot maid to take care of the children. To Duncan, Salter and Roushe of the Army we give pennies that always win and a mimeograph machine to make out yellow tags.

To Thomas Snaith, self oiling motors. To everyone with all the time they will save using their gifts, a play ground, free restaurant, dance hall and cushioned benches.

NOON HOUR AT MIAMI'S ENGINE OVERHAUL DIVISION



At last Saturday's get-together out in Engine Overhaul we see Charlie Grafflin acting as master of ceremonies at the "mike," with Pat Drew at the piano. Leaning on the piano is Dick Hourihan. Facing the audience are W. M. Thomas, Captain "Jack" Burr, Squadron Commander Harry Lehman of Riddle Field and Ted Nelson. In the picture on the left Capt. Burr, admittedly more afraid of a "mike" than a Jap, commends the Engine Overhaul employees on the splendid work they are doing.

To Minnie Norelius a hope that she loses her bet. To Vernie Bowers a year's supply of patches and to Mary Martin a self operating sewing machine. To the guards, Cuffel, Norelius, Lynch, Campbell and Jordon, an automatic clock puncher and gate opener.

To those we may have forgotten, our apologies and a club to take what they want from the others.

Our best wishes to all and a sincere expression of regret because we must leave.

As of the 27th of October, we have been transferred to the Aircraft Machine Shop Instruction, division of the Brazilian Program.

Looking Forward

It is an opportunity we are looking forward to with eagerness because of the future it affords and the chance to meet new people. Incidentally, it will give us a chance to see an uncle of ours who is Chief Entomologist for the Brazilian government and should be able to give us much help in finding our way around as he has been in São Paulo for about 40 years.

We turn our column over to the gentle ministrations of Medora Barling who will appreciate the contributions from you that we would have liked. And so, good bye.
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Engine Noises

by Leland Price

Yours truly has learned a bitter lesson, and that, my dear readers, is not to get too friendly with the regular editor of this column, namely Dick Hourihan, or you will find yourself in the position that I am in, that of Guest Editor.

Seriously, though, Dick is doing a lot of good in his new job, and I think that the get-together that he arranged for the employees of Engine Overhaul last Saturday is a fine example of the work he is doing.

Get-Together

The event I'm referring to was on Saturday, October 23rd, when Miami Engine Overhaul met for its second get-together and "a good time was had by all." Charles Grafflin as master of ceremonies did a wonderful job and brought out many a merry laugh with his quick and pleasing manner. Besides the community singing, Mr. Grafflin offered two solos, and, as Mr. Horton says, Sinatra has nothing on Grafflin.

Irma Friant was called upon for a solo, and, unrehearsed, she gave out with "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." She really sang it beautifully.

The meeting was turned over to Dick Hourihan who introduced the guest speakers. First, Sqd./C Harry Lehman, Flying Instructor at Riddle Field, Clewiston, Fla., was introduced. Mr. Lehman talked on the importance of engine maintenance and the confidence gained by a pilot learning to fly when he knows his engines are in top condition.

The next speaker was Capt. "Jack" Burr.

HOST TO A HERO



Be-medalled and be-ribboned Capt. "Jack" Burr was the guest of Joseph R. Horton at the "get-together" in the Engine Overhaul Division last Saturday. The former Embry-Riddle student spoke briefly on the importance of airplane maintenance.

AAF. Capt. Burr told a little of his experiences with aircraft engines and stressed the fact that 90 per cent of the flying is done on the ground. He stated that a pilot ordered into combat on a ten minute, or less, alert does not have time to check his engines and must depend entirely on the maintenance crew, and that this confidence is built into the pilot in the very first stages of his flight training.

Group Singing

Mr. Grafflin then took over and closed the meeting with group singing of "God Bless America." We are all looking forward to the next jamboree.

Well, now for a few ramblings before signing off. I don't know who the scout is that finds the hidden talents of our employees, but rumor has it that we have a couple of solo singing artists in the Inspection department.

Frances Woodward, the "Piston Packing Inspector," was slighted last week in the list of newcomers. Brownie tells us that he had a letter from Elenore Swan who is on vacation. She is trying to get back from the north, but transportation problems have reared their ugly head. Keep trying, Elenore. We miss you.

Fan Problem

Charley Philips had a letter from Walter Barrie who is in Camp Perry. This cold weather may be bad in some respects, but it sure solves the fan problem in the Inspection department. The loud noise at five minutes before quitting time is our new warning horn so that employees will be sure to listen for the bell at five and not by accident work five or ten minutes overtime. It's possible.

Not One Bullet Found Aircraft Of "Jack" Burr

Eighty-five fighter missions and 150 troop carrier missions and nary a bullet hole in his plane. That's the record of an Embry-Riddle student, the record of Capt. Albert H. Burr, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Burr of Coral Gables, who is home on leave after fighting with the U. S. Air Forces in Australia since July, 1942.

Capt. Burr recalled his New Guinea experiences while visiting Embry-Riddle Saturday. He was a member of the second Civilian Pilot's Training Program course operated by the school when its landplane base was located at Municipal Airport. He said he was greatly impressed by the growth of the school and the part it is playing in the War effort.

D.F.C. and Air Medal

The D.F.C. and Air Medal with two Oak Leaf clusters each testify that the Captain has seen plenty of action. He can remember on many missions seeing the tracer bullets play a dance of death around his ship. He can't understand yet how he managed to escape being hit.

His most vivid recollection of fighting the Japs in New Guinea is the time he saw a Zero do a loop inside the narrow range of vision afforded by the small cockpit windshield of his P-39.

"That doesn't mean much to a layman," Capt. Burr says. "But it made me think if those Zeros can maneuver like that, I don't want to play with them. No dog fighting, thanks. I'll stick to Gen. Chenault's tactics."

Zeros Better, Japs Worse

The American pilots continue to have great respect for the Zeros, he says. "As a matter of fact, they are getting better. But the Jap pilots are falling off rapidly in quality because the new replacements are not as well trained as the old."

"On the other hand, our training standards are going up, if anything. We are still primarily concerned with quality, while the Japanese are going in for mass production of pilots, regardless of quality."

What all this means in relation to the South Pacific or what it may imply as to our future tactics, he does not guess. He leaves the question of strategy to the generals.

THANKS, MR. HORTON

The Fly Paper office wants you to know, Mr. Horton, how much the plane ride from Carlstrom to Miami last Friday was appreciated. We've decided that hitch-hiking has its points after all, 'specially when the seats one gets are the spare ones in a Fairchild.

ARCADIA OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

Those of you who have any ideas about improvements or any complaints, no matter how small, be sure to write them down and drop them into the suggestion box that has been placed in the Hangar just as you go out to punch your time cards. Now come on, folks, let's have all those gripes and ideas you have stored away.



Bleeka

Best wishes and lots of luck to that charming young lady, Marjorie Combs, who was recently transferred to Dorr Field. "Marge, we miss you very much."

Pop Meyer, our Fire Chief Marshal, is back on the job after a two weeks' vacation with "Philip Lumbago." Glad you are back, Pop, and real sorry that old lumbago was so hard on you.

Esther Wallich, secretary to Jan Klint, is spending a few days this week in Miami. Esther looked mighty swell all decked out in her brown outfit as she boarded the Inter-Field Bus.

Nice Holiday

Louise Crossley back from a vacation, spent mostly in the dentist's chair. Confidentially, I think Louise will "waive" all vacations for the next ten years—however, she did go home to Orlando for the ordeal.

Pappy Mayer back all smiles from a well earned vacation. Haskell O'Neil is to be complimented upon the efficient manner in which he operated the department during Pappy's absence.

Looks as though real progress is being made toward the completion of our new quarters. Perhaps it won't be long until moving day rolls around. Just think, folks, we will have our very own Canteen and a real First Aid Room.

Some of us have been contemplating some sort of a celebration in honor of our new Hangar and the air-conditioned building. If any of you have a suggestion as to the sort of celebration you would like, please write it on a piece of paper and drop it in the suggestion box. Let's get together, fellow workers, and plan something for the occasion.

Items Wanted

To those of you who have missed our column for the past two issues, I wish to say—please remember that the column belongs to all the workers of Overhaul and the items that appear in it should come from you concerning you and your activities. So if you would like the column to continue, let's contribute items each week.

Just hand them to me anytime. You need not worry about the wording as that blue pencil in Miami takes care of that. So let's

have some news concerning the activities of each one in the various departments.

Visitors this week were John Paul Riddle, Joseph R. Horton, Wain R. Fletcher and Vadah Walker. I hope you make a longer visit next time, girls. Glad to see you any time.

Wilma Holloway's husband, Pvt. John, finally got that long looked for furlough and surprised Wilma by coming in Saturday. We are happy for you, Wilma, as most of us know how you have looked forward to this furlough.

If you are wondering how a vacation would be spent at Camp Blanding, just ask Hubert Drake. He knows all the answers.

Glad to report at this date that our bond deduction has increased to 85 per cent. This is great, folks. Let's keep up the good work and do our share to help fight the Axis.

HITCH-HIKERS

Continued from Page 5

—and in Arcadia too. We thought Miami should have snared all the priorities on those.

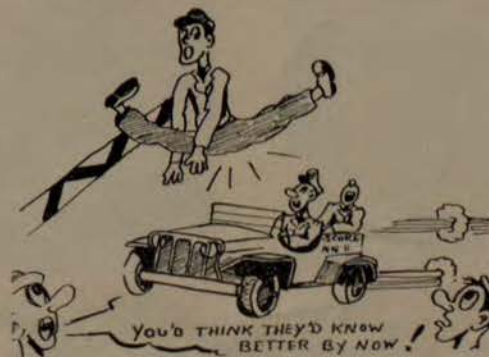
The stop at Riddle Field was most timely, for we ran right into visiting Grp. Capt. H.A.V. Hogan, W/C George Greaves, Sq./Ldr. Fred Hill, F/Lt. John Crossley, F/Lt. Gibson, Fred C. Hunziker, Director of Flying, F/Lt. Jimmy Cousins and Flight Instructor Gunner Brink. The Group Captain was about to take off for Miami, but we were glad to have seen him briefly.

Quipping with Gunner Brink about Miami was most disconcerting, but we firmly believe he'll change his tune if he can make it down to the Hallowe'en dance tomorrow.

And, by the way, how's about bringing that young birdman brother of yours to the dance, F/Lt. Crossley? We'd like to give him a royal welcome to the Miami Divisions.

Chapman Field and home again came all too soon, except for the assistant editor who still looks worried when she tries to renew her make-up. Uncanny, it was, the way that plane booped up and levelled off quick as a flash each time she touched lipstick to lips. We still think Joe Horton had a rear view mirror in that buggy!

Not all people who use the touch system operate typewriters.



SANTOS DUMONT

Word spread among the aeronauts in 1898 that Santos Dumont would rise above Paris with a petroleum motor in his aircraft. And all were alarmed. If he should ascend with an electric motor . . . a balloon full of eminently inflammable gas could never carry below it a petroleum motor . . . Only Edison, the Great Edison, can give him full approval, were the thoughts of all. But Edison said, "You did well in choosing a petroleum motor; it is the only one an aeronaut can think of in the present state of industry."

On the 18th of September, 1898, the "Santos Dumont No. 1"—the name of the first dirigible—ascended to be torn soon after by the trees of the Acclimation Garden. But the great Brazilian did not permit himself to become discouraged. Two days later, he arose from the same field, safely cleared the tops of the highest trees and circled around in the presence of thousands of Parisians. While he turned to right or left, as his whim dictated, an immense multitude acclaimed him with delirium. But the dirigibility of balloons was clearly demonstrated for the first time, although not officially.

The following year, our bold sportsman constructed the "Santos Dumont No. 2." A new disaster, with no graver consequences than the first, prevented the dirigible from going beyond a first appearance, which led the inventor to construct in the same year the "Santos Dumont No. 3," which was quite an improvement. From then on, he spent his time in the Paris skies. He travelled in all directions, amidst renewed applause of the people, who did not fail to admire this amazing aeronaut.

In 1901 appeared the "Santos Dumont No. 4"—the best known of his planes. Deutsch, a member of the Aeronautical Club of Paris, had established at this time a prize of one hundred thousand francs that was to be conferred by the Scientific Committee of Aeronautics on the owner of the first dirigible balloon or airship which, between the dates of May 1 and October 1, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, might arise from the hangar in the park of St. Cloud and without touching the earth, through its own efforts, after describing a circle in which the Eiffel Tower was included, return to its starting point in the maximum time of one-half hour.

It was a trip of 11 kilometers (over six miles) and the circling of the tower was an essential condition. The "Santos Dumont No. 5," constructed from "No. 4" was ready for the hard trial trip which took place in the park of the Aerial Club in St. Cloud the morning of the 13th of July of 1901.

Santos Dumont, the only competitor, went around the Eiffel Tower with the greatest of ease but did not reach St. Cloud until after a 40 minute struggle against the wind. At this very moment trouble developed in the motor and the airship started to fall and struck the chestnut trees of Edmond Rothchild's park.

Continued in next issue

Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook

Well, fans, optimist that I am, here we are back again like so many white pennies. This column gets more and more like an



"Cookie"

ill-mannered boomerang tearing around each week knocking my lovely Tuesdays into oblivion. I have a dreadful fear that as time goes by there'll be nothing of my past but a consolidated blurr

of Tuesdays with noon-day deadlines and meatless luncheons. And that leaves us struggling correspondents with one hope for immortality, that we will be remembered as the gallant Fly Paper Corpse. (Think I'm kidding!)

In fond memory of our Elementary 44-C and Intermediate 44-D Sessions the Field is observing a quiet and somber siesta while our favorite people, the Instructors, take a rest cure in preparation for the new classes which report the first of next month.

Hay and Oats

Most of the Flight Instructors are spending this gas-less vacation in the near vicinity of Greater Miami 'cause those four wheeled horses won't run on hay and oats. Anyone finding evidence to the contrary, please contact Jerry Cook, Riddle Field Instructor, immediately.

Thrills never sold at the biggest carnival were offered free for nothing to most of our Instructor personnel during the past week when Mr. Jourdan, Resident Flight Supervisor, and Mr. Hutchins, Senior CAA Inspector, "checked 'em" out in the CAA Waco. After the monotonous grind on the

65 H.P. Cubs, flying the double-winged Blackbird was like something right out of this world, slow rolls, half rolls, Immelmans but *no* snaps on top of a loop, *please!*

We certainly miss Betty Ford, Mr. Camden's Secretary, who has returned to her former position at Burdine's, Inc., as Secretary to the Vice-President. Write and tell us about the bright lights and spring fashions, Betty, and don't forget we'll swap a number 18 coupon for a pair of nylon hose any ole day!

Patience of the Gods

The brave people in the southwest section bided patiently with us last Saturday as Chapman, through the kind courtesy of Ed Tierney and mother, staged a fond farewell party in honor of Henry C. and Mrs. Faller. Hank has been connected with the Civil Aeronautics Administration as Aeronautical Inspector for two and one-half years and has been a familiar personage around Municipal and Chapman for an equal length of time. He is being transferred to Columbia, S. C., where his duties will be quite similar to the ones here.

South Carolina is gaining not only a very likeable personality but a fellow who knows his business from the ground up. A good looking gold initialed leather valise was presented to him by the Field as a token of appreciation for all kindnesses rendered. And so we say, not goodbye, but so-long, Hank, and lots of good luck.

Buddy Pals

It was nice seeing our buddy pals at the party, Leland McDaniels and George Lambros (Frank Sinatra impressionist) back with the gang after extended absences. Also meeting the Seaplane Base crowd, including columnist Pat Hillis.

AU REVOIR



Henry C. Faller, more popularly known as "Hank," will be leaving Chapman Field next week to take up residence in Columbia, S. C., and duties as Aeronautical Inspector with the CAA.

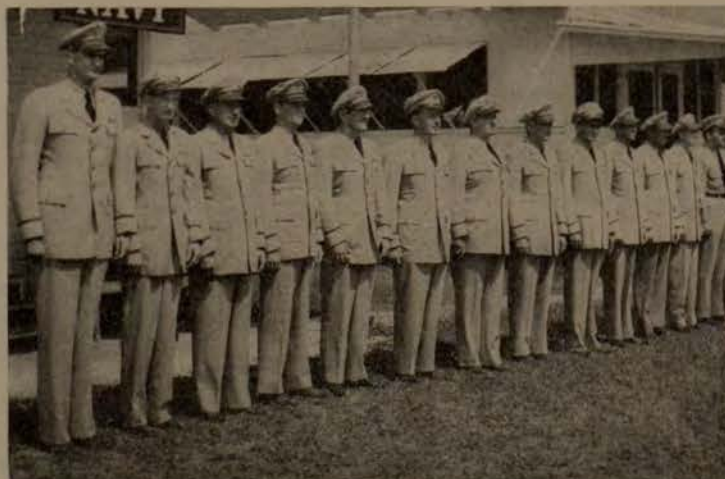
Other celebrities sighted while being mangled to death in the kitchen were the T. Heflins, "Boss" and Mrs. Camden, the D. Narrows, the T. F. Moxleys, the T. Hunters, the J. B. Pollards, the E. H. Jourdans, the J. Davidsons, she's cute too, Dixie Baker, Paul's out-of-town, Ann McGrath, Bill is likewise, Helen Webster, Helen Allen, Helen Cavis, confusing isn't it, Charlotte Kayser and Gardner Royce. Pat Roberts and Les Lewis provided the fine entertainment.

Don't you nice people forget the Halloween dance tomorrow at the Antilla Hotel. We expect to see a big crowd from Chapman there, costume if you wish. P.S. I have the tickets. I'll see you there or haunt you the rest of my life (Gruesome thought).

INSTRUCTOR PERSONNEL AT CHAPMAN FIELD



From left to right: Gardner Royce, Helen Cavis, Nancy Graham, James Clarke, David S. Narrow, Marguerite Dowd, Charlotte Kayser, Kathryn Kniesche, Helen C. Webster, John A. Muller, Lewis M. Smith, Helen D. Allen and Evangeline Willett.



From left to right: Thomas F. Moxley, David W. DaBoll, Marion T. Hunter, John B. Davidson, Edward E. Tierney, John H. Muller, James B. Pollard, William L. Hayes, Jr., Guy B. Haygood, Lee A. Maxey, George E. Maxey, William H. McGrath and Tine W. Davis.

DORMITORY LIFE AT EMBRY-RIDDLE

by Suzie Bryan

When the query "Where do you live?" is asked of me, I answer, "The Embry-Riddle dormitory," after which many people ask, "What are the restrictions," as if the word dormitory meant life was one schedule of restrictions. The only one I know of is that men visitors must be out before 11:30 at night. That does not mean that a girl on a date can't stay out until a reasonable hour. Her hours are her own, day and night, unless parent or guardian says otherwise.

But there are no restrictions on good times within and without the dorm. One has only to walk in the front door and sniff at dinner time many delicious aromas being concocted by young enterprising cooks to know that this is a place that spells home. Students taking flight sit around mumbling over ration points while talking excitedly about their first solo or the dizzy spin they got themselves into in the Link trainer room. Radio students are in a world of their own with dit-dit-dahs.

Link and Flight

Week days are spent either at the Tech School or Colonnade building where Link is taught. The Seaplane Base and Chapman Field are reserved for flight students whose eyes lift beyond the blue Florida sky toward the day when their dreams of being WASPs materialize.

Tuesday nights are reserved for the dance at Branch 5 Service Men's pier on the Beach. The girls are picked up in a G.I. truck, and if it were a limousine they could not feel more like Cinderellas. Upon arriving, they dance a few short hours with men who ask little and give so much.

Saturday night, however, the dorm is very quiet, as that is the night everyone's favorite beau has that all important pass. Last minute phone calls, last minute pleas for a black belt or purse. Other people's closets always seem more interesting than our own.

Whipped Into Shape

Sunday is the day that one's room, a melee of discarded odds and ends, is whipped into shape so that it appears serene and tidy as it was meant to be.

But without personalities a building is just a building. Fifteen girls add up to something dynamic. On the first floor we have Evelyn Arnold, who tirelessly works at the U.S.O. here in the Gables and faithfully answers that telephone. Mary Jessup and Silvia Shethar are two new flight students we would like to see more of. Mary Frances Quinn and Josephine Wolley are a twosome who mind their own Ps and Qs. Not to be forgotten is Micky Overheu, a quiet gal who treasures sleep above all else.

On the second floor we have Frankie Gilmore, mischievous but possessing a heart of pure gold, and her roommate, Janet Williams, who never refuses to give out with a sweet smile—no matter what. Dottie

Moran was the third member of the group, but having completed her Link course, she is now back in Washington. We all miss you, Dot.

Next door live the Sessions, three swell people. Mrs. Sessions is never too tired or busy to hear our woes. A few moments talking with her and unsolvable problems are smoothed over. Jo Sessions is forever in hot water—you're not the only one, Jo. Jean comes next—very nice family indeed.

Many Moods

Edith Chapman lives on down the hall. She is a person of many moods, but every hour is something new and exciting with Edith around. Have you seen her picture gallery?

Farther on lives "Skip" Selby and "Skeeter" Barton, taking Link and Flight respectively. They are quite social and are always serving delicious edibles to guests. Sunday's guests were Navy boys from Opa-Locka who dropped in before the Navy Day show.

Across from Skip and Skeeter are Mary Amank, flight student, and Evelyn McKenna. Evelyn is our glamour girl.

A Guy Named Wolf

The most interesting personality, I think everyone would agree, is a guy named Wolf. Wolf is a dog, nondescript in color, shape and bark. When so many of the apartments in the Gables were taken over by the Army, Wolf became attached to Sergeant Wetle, following him faithfully wherever the Sarg. went. But the time came when Sgt. Wetle was shipped elsewhere and Wolf had to stay behind. Somehow he became attached to the Girls' dorm.

At the moment it's very quiet. The phone hasn't rung in at least 20 minutes. One can hear the sound of soft voices blending with the radio program of the hour. Guess it is time to close for the day and get down to studying, so 'bye for now.

DOG HOUSE

If we had a picture of Pat Hillis handy, we'd certainly introduce it to the Fly Paper Dog House. Not only did her Seaplane Base news fail to turn up, but Pat herself could not be found. Maybe she skipped town for fear of the tar and feathers we've been threatening.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

Continued from Page 8

how about starting a dancing class in Arcadia—would be loads of fun and there are scores of people interested.

Yours truly had a most enjoyable "ride" in a Link Trainer the other day. Cpl. Earl Stewart was the obliging young man who made this possible—thanks a lot!

In and Out

The Accounting department in the Ad Building has now been very effectively "enclosed" by a partition which extends from ceiling to floor—thus keeping all the noise out (and in). The Ad Building is really quite changed in the past few weeks, but all changes are for the best.

Flight Instructor C. D. Roberts renders the following which is a copy from the original and which was written by Thomas Gray (author of the "Elegy") on October 21, 1737.

*"The time will come when thou shalt lift
thine eyes*

*To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies;
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying feats of wondrous birds.*

*England, so long mistress of the sea,
Where wind and waves confess her
sovereignty,*

*Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall
bear,*

*And reign the sovereign of the conquered
air."*



COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Your "Hello" Girls
Ethel, Muriel and Rosemary

Guess we said "Don't know nothin'" once too often around here. Now, look what's happened! Things are buzzing so in the Sales department these days that Helen Pennoyer seems to think she's too busy for Journalism.

Out in the corner of the Colonnade we have a booth for the recruiting of WAVES. Mr. Hillstead gave his permission for its being there, with the stipulation that they didn't come around after any of our girls.

Frances Wiest is going to be our new fingerprint girl, replacing Maxine Hurtt, and we are welcoming another newcomer to Personnel, Mrs. Petrie, who is taking over where Frances left off. Good luck to you both.

Accounting Division lost Nataleah Simons to Mr. Burrows' office this week. She went off loaded down with analysis pads, colored pencils, etc. from Kay's stockroom, looking as though she meant to take her new job very seriously. Good luck, Nat, and we'll miss you.

Return of the Spences

Seems as though Lee Spence got by the Welcoming Committee last week. He's been transferred back to Miami Accounting after being Field Accountant at Dorr Field. He and his wife, Roxy, are glad to move back into their Miami home, and we are glad to have them with us.

Speaking of welcoming people, we would like to say hello to our newest addition to the Sales department, Connie Odette. Up on the second floor we have Mr. Munies, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Renard of Auditing. Welcome to all of you.

We hear that Josephine Woolley is planning a visit to New York City soon, but she says she's going to the Deauville for a few days first. Will bet while she's resting up for the trip she'll be catching up on her suntan to make a good Florida impression on Broadway.

Our Mr. Carpenter has been in New York on his vacation, and we want you to

look elsewhere on this page to see what a good time he's been having. Think we'd better keep him at home in the future where the typewriter and trains run in the normal way.

Inventories

In fact, a lot of people have been away from their desks this week. Up on the second floor the Auditing department has been practically deserted, with Mr. Roberts' whole crew, Helen Van der Ven, Ed Christmas, Dick Simons and Harry Koehler all off to the different Fields and Divisions taking stockroom inventories to wind up the fiscal year.

Walter Dick of Instrument Overhaul is back with us again, after being on the sick list for five weeks. We are all glad to see him back.

ORDWAY WINS NAVY WINGS

Ensign Peter Ordway, former Dean of Admissions and Head of the Advertising department, has won his Navy wings and is on his way to Minneapolis, Minn., where he will be an instructor.

His wife, Eliza, and little Robin have joined Peter, and Robin too can boast of a job well done. He took his first step during his father's absence and is now a full fledged trotter.

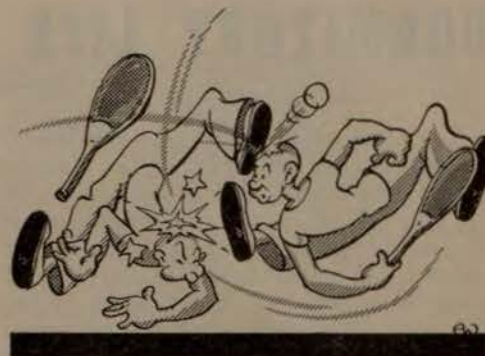
Vivian Sheffer got off to Washington on Saturday. Her office friends, Margaret Campbell, Elsie Lyon, Nataleah Simons and Kay Wiedman gave her a pleasant send-off with a dinner party Thursday night. Everybody had a good time despite the farewells.

Did you hear about the police being called to Kay Wiedman's apartment at 5 a.m. Sunday morning? But don't get excited—they came to get a couple of owls. Yes—we said owls—out of her fireplace. They flew down the chimney and Kay managed to keep them cooped up there behind the fire screen until help arrived in the form of two gallant policemen. We wonder what the neighbors thought.

Too Bad

Too bad we can't end this up with a nice spicy little tidbit of gossip, like what beautiful blonde drove off with her boss on Saturday afternoon—but it was only Margaret Campbell hitching a ride to Palm Beach with Mr. Branch, so she could spend the week-end with her husband, while Mr. Branch went to bring his wife and baby back to Miami. And that's all, folks.

"Embry-Riddle Colonnade—the line is busy. Will you wait, please? Thank you!—Embry-Riddle Colonnade—"



Habing Goof Time

New York
October, 1943

DeaaBill:

Stupidky when i Maje My rearn resercavtin I sipposa that the trains to aa from ran on thesame time—ss I me cly naae a ressrcatuon forreyturn on Sinday—figuring that wvld pit mein Migm MondaaAM Bit it seemsthat they run a different schedtoe—and the Sundaatrain doe not get in unittl Monday PM—and aa al spaceis taken—I cannot mae a resrcayuon Saturay—Hence I will not be aa5heofficeuntil Tuesday—instead of as pla mee Monday AM I can't do so will on this machine—since its an old one and all the letters on the kys are obliterated—hence I have to guess. Havebeen gaving?) (cany find the jh—t re it is' have been having agoof time—but I'll have to admotyht has been cold.

Hsdyiot

Hartyloooouyt

H. R. Carpnetre

Editor's Note: W. B. O'Neil wants to know if the above is why "Gramp" Carpenter needs a secretary or if it's just the result of "habing a goof time."

UNION CITY

Continued from Page 1

Quite snazzy, huh? One mistake has been made, though, so far. One bright day the switch was flipped and we heard a shrill female voice shouting, "Stop, stop." Now what in the world? We never did find out the complete details on the story but some day we will and when we do, dear reader, we will convey them to you.

These bits of news items seem very scratchy, I imagine, but we are novices at the newspaper racket and on account of short notice, this is about all we could manage this week. But wait 'til next week and we will try to put Union City Flight Line on the much-spoken of map. 'Nuff said.

BRIDGE CLUB

by Mrs. T. E. Frantz, Jr.

The regular weekly meeting of the Embry-Riddle Bridge Club was held at the Pilot's Club at 1 p.m., Wednesday, October 20, 1943. There were six tables of bridge and one table of rummy. Mrs. Robert Boyle and Mrs. Jessie Tate acted as hostesses.

Prize winners were: Mrs. Harrison Bourkard—high score, Mrs. Mona Burgess

REMEMBER PVT. RIDDLE?

If you remember Pvt. C. W. "Johnny" Riddle, get out your pen and ink and write to him. He writes May E. Heacock of Engine Overhaul that he's starved for news of his old friends here.

The Fly Paper helps some, but it's been addressed incorrectly and has traveled around for 40 to 50 days before reaching him.

The correct address is: Pvt. C. W. Riddle, C.H.Q. 90 M.M., 2nd Air-drome Bat., S.M.F., care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

—second score, Mrs. Jessie Tate—low score, Mrs. Carl Springer—rummy.

Visitors were Mrs. Ralph Morton and Mrs. Leon Burkett.

Bridge was played by: Mrs. Harrison Bourkard, Mrs. Eugene Kleiderer, Mrs. Charles Hon, Mrs. Ed Straight, Mrs. Frank Harrison, Mrs. T. C. Cottrell, Mrs. Frank Haynes, Mrs. Louis Dickson, Mrs. William Dorr, Mrs. M. S. Bangs, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. James Long, Mrs. Joe Grow, Mrs. George Lobdell, Mrs. Walter Nunnally, Mrs. Mona Burgess, Mrs. David Moore, Mrs. Harold Prather, Mrs. Paul Moore, Mrs. Hunter Galloway, Mrs. Ralph Morton, Mrs. Leon Burkett, Mrs. Jessie Tate, Mrs. Robert Boyle and Mrs. T. E. Frantz, Jr.

Rummy was played by: Mrs. A. B. Billett, Mrs. J. B. Andrews, Mrs. Joe McDaniel, Mrs. George Lobdell, Sr., and Mrs. Carl Springer.

The wives of all Instructors, Army Officers and Department Heads are eligible for membership in this club, and the pleasure derived from these weekly meetings constitutes a bright spot in the program of entertainment offered by the Pilot's Club.

FLURRIES

by Bahia Bessie

I certainly had the wind taken out of my sails—I got a good look at my passport pictures. My, oh my! Never again will I ever be conceited. *Neca, Neca*. I hide my head in shame, and after all the cute remarks I have been making about the others.

I wish, again, that I could be in Mark Twain's frame of mind and put some of my feelings into words. He did it so aptly in his "Guide to Conversation," wherein he copies a page or two from a little pamphlet on Italian.

Anyhoo, the language as she is spoken in portuguese is quite different than english (no capitals, please). Which all brings we to our story João Wendling tells of the *Espanhois* who said to each other, "I can't take another step my fingers hurt so much." After all, digits of the feet and digits of the hands are the same in our new (to us) tongue.

Almost the entire Brazilian Program (and some Military, too) were at Chapman Field this Monday, Bessie, too. Regular Old Home Week. What a sigh of relief to have another one of those C.A.A. Exams out of the way, or is it?

Gosh, in promulgating my esoteric cogitations and in articulating my superficial sentimentalities in my great leisure. I can see where many mistakes were made. (Gosh, did I say that?) Wonder if I can retake it in Brazil? Tsk! Tsk!

Prexy Sprague sure knows his stuff. Have you taken his course in Human Relations? It is relative to our program and is quite the stuff. Hey, you introvert! Quit reading this stuff and go to the dance Saturday night. Don't overdo it, but try to strike (please, not literally) a happy medium.

Must get to those lessons, so—

Até Logo

YOUR SON
by Jo Anne Cottrell
Union City

*The pain was there no more
The bombs were far away;
And his eyes closed in peace
Until the Coming Day.
But did he mind?
Had he fought with fear?
No, he had fought to win
All things he held so dear.*

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

*If you like to hear of broken bones
And bodies all askew,
Pass this up, read something else,
This is not meant for you.*

Lost—200 hours of productive labor by an Embry-Riddle waitress, who last week slipped on a newly mopped floor and broke her arm.

Lost—96 hours of productive work by a machinist who caught his thumb in a revolving piece of machinery.

Lost—24 hours of productive labor by an employee who slipped on water that had been spilled on the floor.

Lost—432 hours by an employee through muscles strained by over-lifting.

The above 752 hours were lost to Miami employees of Embry-Riddle during a very recent one-week period. Accidents are preventable.

Was the first employee cautioned about the hazards of newly mopped floors? Was the mechanic trained in the proper use of his machine in avoiding such injuries? Was the third cautioned about slippery spots on the floor? And was the fourth instructed in the proper way to lift heavy objects? Or were they all ignoring their training or instruction?

Let's all work together to stop these losses. Find the safest way to do each job, then do it that way until it becomes a habit.

Major Hasskarl Offers Advice On Sao Paulo

"Like Brazil and Brazil will like you." That was the crux of the advice given last week by Major A. I. Hasskarl to instructors and other personnel who will leave here shortly to open Embry-Riddle's new school in São Paulo, Brazil.

Major Hasskarl, now stationed at Miami Beach, spent eight years in Brazil working for the State Department and operating his own business. He traveled throughout the country, although his main headquarters were in Rio de Janeiro.

"Talk to the Brazilians in the same way you would talk to your friends here. Don't patronize them. Try hard to learn their language and their customs and everyone will get along better," he said.

He suggested living in hotels, of which there are many fine ones, upon first arriving in order to look around and become acclimated. But after that he advised living in private homes with native Brazilians or in pensions. This would facilitate learning the language and also make the visitors feel closer to the natives.

In response to questions, he said the Embry-Riddle personnel need feel no qualms about Brazilian food.

"There is very little difference in the food. The main differences are in the fruits. I don't believe you will have the slightest trouble with the food."

As far as the climate, he pointed out that São Paulo had an altitude of 2,500 feet and was on the edge of the temperate and tropical zones. He found the climate there invigorating and similar to that of Miami, but not as hot.

"Great opportunities exist in Brazil and I am sure you will be happy there," Major Hasskarl concluded.

MAJOR HASSKARL ADDRESSES NEW BRAZILIAN SCHOOL



Giving the instructors and other personnel who will leave shortly for São Paulo a personal angle on Brazil, Major A. I. Hasskarl (right) assured them of the great opportunities existing in their future home. He was accompanied by Major J. E. Wholean (left) and James E. Blakeley, Director and General Manager of the new Brazilian Division.

TECH TALK

by Morelle Smith

As we all know, Tech has of late suffered a "sea change" and, instead of the old time talk about Allison, Pratt and Whittneys, Wrights, Flying Fortresses, Liberators, etc., a strange Babelistic confusion reigns throughout the corridors.

This esoteric atmosphere induces, after a while, a hypnotic effect, lifting the receptive listener into a sphere where the unusual becomes usual, the impossible possible, confusion order, and the inanimate imbued with life and intelligence.

One day during a study period immediately after lunch (the lunch of course having nothing to do with what followed) this mystic nimbus enveloped us. While in this state of transcendency, we chanced to overhear a conversation between a thin erudite individual in a blue suit who introduced himself as *Sr. Williams Gramatica* and a portly, dignified mite in khaki whose left bosom bore the name *Sr. Franco Dicionario*.

Sr. Gramatica was much the worse for wear, his blue suit frayed at the edges and worn from much contact with table and chair. *Sr. Dicionario's* khaki showed less wear, but, apparently, was unequal to the strain imposed upon it by its heavy content.

Our sublimated intelligence easily followed the ensuing dialogue. *Sr. Gramatica* spoke excellent Portuguese but with a decided Lisbon accent. *Sr. Dicionario* was more careless with his pronunciation and syntax, showing provincial disregard for his mother tongue, no doubt due to long severance from the influence of classic Coimbra.

Sr. Gramatica opened his course with a tired yawn, allowing his soiled pages to flutter in the cool breeze. "What a day!" he said. "My owner has worn me ragged. I thought I had reached the limit of my endurance when he started to conjugate *vir* and *ver* and at the same time tried to learn to count to 100. But that was nothing!"

"You have my sympathy, *Senhor*," said *Dicionario* heavily. "He expects miracles. It's fortunate that I have a good constitution. He wants me to furnish names for all the gadgets in an engine whereas, as a matter of fact, down in Porto Alegre where I was born my father had never heard of such things. Then, *Sr. Ponso* made me give a blood transfusion to that upstart stepson of his, *Tech Dicionario*, who is no relation of mine, regardless of his name, and now these enraptured students lug him around

as if he were both of the Wright brothers."

"Yes," said *Gramatica*, "I know. But you'll see how he looks after that last week before he and his owner leave dear old Tech for way down South."

"Did you hear that epithet just thrown at me? That wasn't Portuguese!"

"Nor English, *Senhor*, but calm yourself. He's really a good ambivert just as 'Doutor' Sprague ordered."

"Did you know I made an excursion yesterday to Civil Engines?"

"Where's Civil Engines?"

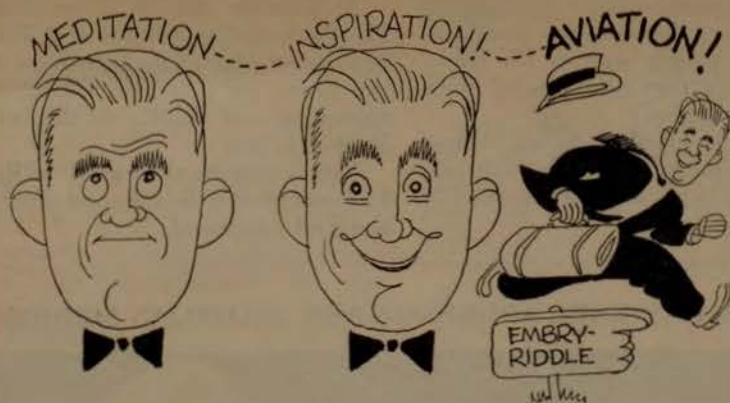
"Between here and the *jai alai* fronton. What a surprise Mr. Keene has in store for all who begin his course. Such perplexity I have never seen! It will change what you've been thinking about C.A.A. Even you, *Senhor*, can't cause so much bewilderment."

But, after the manner of his kind, *Dicionario* was dozing and the not-too-subtle insinuation didn't register.

Gramatica ruffled his pages again with another yawn and said, "Well, maybe I can get in a day's nap before the next period. My owner has been demanding subjunctives and radicals all day. Talk about Educational Plateaus! Well, *boa sorte*, *Senhor*."

"Bom dia," sleepily.

"Passar bem," the nasal termination swelling into a full fledged snore.



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